



The Beginning

(A True Story.)

WOULD you like to know how circulating libraries were started in England? You would never have guessed that a little girl no bigger than you was the cause of free libraries being started, now would you?

England hasn't nearly as many of them as we have here, in America, but up to seventy-five years ago there weren't any.

Listen, and I will tell you just how it happened. One day a little girl was sent on an errand by her mother, to the shopping district of London. This girl knew how to read and write, but outside of school, had little opportunity to practice either. On her way to the shop she passed a window where books were displayed, and in the centre was an open book to show the passers-by the true inside.

Mary, I believe that was her name, stopped to look at the book—no longer and yet so far away, and while she looked she began to read what was



Stopped to look at the book—no longer and yet so far away.

written on the open pages. Fortunately for her, the window-glass was thin, and the print large.

"What kind of book is that?" asked her mother in several days, when she returned with her purchases of cotton, or something.

"Oh, mother, I just began the third biggest story," she answered, holding up the book in the young window.

"Books are not for such as you," cried the mother. "They are for rich folk. You must not put your mind on such things. I have the money with me to buy fine books."

When Monday came, Mary again passed the book-shop, and remembering up her dress, she walked into the shop and tremblingly said to the man behind the counter: "Please, mister, would you mind turning over the pages of that book?" Confiding in the window, "I'm interested in the story."

"The book-seller became interested in Mary, and told the story as I am telling it to you, to his customers. Then came the thought that all children with a love for reading, should have the opportunity of indulging themselves. And thus some noble-minded person arranged for free-lending-circles in London, which later developed into circulating libraries throughout all England."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

- CURTAINING.**
1. Curtain a train and get a reputation.
 2. Curtain a failed door at platform and get an opinion.
 3. Curtain an organ of the body and get to perceive by the ear.
 4. Curtain to reduce to powder and get to smile.
 5. Curtain being in time or season and get a reputation.

WORDS: WORDS: WORDS!

What words containing four letters can be expressed by two?

1. What happens next? (WITTY)
2. A prophet? (PROPHET)
3. Happiness and comfort? (EASE)
4. Spring vegetables? (PEAS)
5. Organs of sight? (EYES)
6. The sound of a bell? (PEAL)

ANSWERS. 1. Peas. 2. Eyes. 3. Peal. 4. Ease. 5. Wit. 6. Prophet.

GARDEN PUZZLE.



Little Mary's flower garden is in need of water. See if you can find a watering can by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

FRED AND NED ON MARS

Written by Philip R. Walker

Drawings by H. B. Loring

HUNTING FOR BLUE BLOSSOM BRIGHT

Then, the Tree who was really a King, as I said, spoke again to our friends little Fred and young Ned: "Go and find my dear Queen, who is Blue Blossom Bright. And when you have found her my heart will be light. For I'll change from a Tree, just as quick as can be. When my beautiful Blue Blossom Bright I can see." So the boys told this Tree they would both do their best and they'd look every place and they never would rest till they found the lost lady, that Blossom so Blue. And would bring her at last to the King, kind and true.

Then the Tree told the boys, "On this island some place My beautiful Queen is shut up in a vase." So the boys started out, but they didn't know where To look for this Queen who was pretty and fair, For there wasn't a house nor a fence on that island. Though the boys walked all over it now, every mile. But all that they found there was dirt and white sand Except one big hill that rose high from the land. But no Queen did they find in this very strange place. Though they looked all around for the wonderful Vase.

But then, when they stood on the hill all alone, Ned picked up a beautiful, bright, blue stone. And as soon as he did so, that pretty stone said, "I am happy to meet you, both Neddy and Fred. And if you should ask me a question, no doubt, That a very good answer I soon could speak out!" So at once little Ned to this pretty stone said— "Oh, where is the Queen? Is she here in this place? For we can't find a person and can't find that Vase."

"Yes, the Queen is near here," said the stone right away.



"She is buried inside of this hill and must stay Inside of that Vase and deep under the ground. Until some kind person is happily found. Who will spend all his life in the very hard toil Of digging this hill till it's flat as the soil."

Now, the hill was a mountain and so you can see What a very long job it would certainly be To dig and to dig and to dig there until There wasn't a thing of this very big hill.

But Fred spoke to Ned, and he said, "We must stay And dig all our life till we dig it away: I guess we'll get tired long before we get through it. But you know that we promised the Tree we would do it." So they took a flat stone and an old broken bone And with these they now made a real funny old spade: But although this queer spade now was used by one brother, There was still lots of work to be done by the other. For he dug just as fast as he could with each hand And he carried off many a handful of sand.

But after they'd dug there a week, very long, Neither boy now was feeling at all well or strong And I'm sure that at once they'd have fainted away, But they dug up a spring on the very next day And the water was all of it fresh, cool and sweet, But they felt rather hungry for something to eat.



All at once, came a vine that grew up from the ground And right there on that vine some good cakes were now found! And young Ned said to Fred, "It is certainly fine To be able to take lots of cake from this vine: For I felt rather tired and I'm glad now to meet With something so good for a fellow to eat."

Then they both dug again and they worked just like men, But the mountain was high and though long did they try, The mountain looked higher than ever before And they felt very tired and they felt very sore. But they'd promised to find the lost Queen, as you know, So they stayed there to work though they both wished to go.

Then, out from the hill where they saw a big hole, There suddenly came a great big, funny Mole. Now, a Mole, as you know, can dig fast with his feet So he started to dig and he dug fast and neat.

But while he was working with Fred and his brother, The boys looked around and right there was another— Another big Mole and there quickly came more, And there came more and more and then more than before: All digging away every hour of the day.



Till there wasn't a hill anywhere to be found Except just a very small pile called a mound.

And there the last thing they dug up was a Vase That a naughty bad Goblin had hid in this place: But the top of the Vase was closed up very tight And it stuck though they pulled it with all of their might. Then, Fred took a stone and he started to pound, But now from the Vase there came out a strange sound: "Take care! Oh, take care! For I truly declare You will kill me at once, if you let in the air!"

"Oh, what shall we do then," said Fred to this Vase, "For the King longs to look on the Queen's lovely face?" And then said the Queen, "My own name I can't tell But if you now know it then use it right well. By saying it backwards, and then from this Vase I can come safely out and can go any place."

So, of course, Fred now did what she told him to do And he said her name backwards, just "Bright Blossom Blue." Then out of the Vase came the Queen of the Flowers, With a lovely blue dress that was grown in warm showers. And she said "Of the Flowers, I am truly the Queen And I live in the forest where things are all green, But where is my King who was changed to a Tree?" And Fred said, "Follow me, and you quickly will see!"

So they walked to the shore and they came to that Tree. Then it changed to a man and it very soon ran Right up to the lady and told her he missed her. And square on her two pretty lips he now kissed her. Then, he thanked both the boys and he said, "Come and dwell With the fair woodland flowers in the valley and dell And I'm sure all the flowers there will treat you real well." Two by two, hand in hand, they now left this queer land And they walked far away and they came to another And there very soon we'll meet Fred and his brother.

MR. SPIDER'S TRAPDOOR

SPIDERS are an everyday sight to us, and we see them often either upon their beautiful web or upon the wall of a room.

Sometimes the tables are turned on Mr. Spider, instead of a nice fat beetle, a wasp, or a fly, discovers his door and knows to be admitted. But no, the spider will not admit him. Indeed he is so very much, he braces himself with all of his legs against the wall of his web, and holds the door with the other two legs. When his enemy is too strong for him and succeeds in forcing the door he finds



Out Darts Mr. Spider In A Flash.

that Mr. Spider is prepared for even this misfortune. Like a flash the spider retreats to the back of his burrow and opens a secret door which appears just like the side of his silk wall. He is through this in a twinkling and up a secret passage to the surface of the soil before his enemy has had time to realize that there is no one at home.

The larger of the trapdoor spiders burrow nine inches into the ground. The passage widens into a comfortable little room softly lined with silk, where the lonely spider can rest and meditate. Here in solitude he lives, dry and warm in bad weather, and safe

from friend and foe.

A spider must sometimes save himself from his friends, for when they are angry they eat each other up. For this reason they are solitary creatures, they live alone, they find it safer so.

The wife has been known to eat her husband, the father his children. We do not find the happy villages where all work together, as we do among ants. It is true that Mr. Spider pays tribute to his friends and relations but he will not risk living with them.

The house of the fresh water spider is under water but it opens on the surface when he wills it so, it is a movable house like a house-boat. It is water tight and to it the spider brings bubbles of air, for he must breathe. Sometimes he swims enveloped in an air nest, like a tiny submarine, seeking its prey from beneath.

In spite of the spider's being at one moment like a cat and at another like a tiger in the jungle watching for his prey, yet he is a friend to mankind (which would surprise him very much if you should tell him). For the prey that he catches and waits for most patiently is our enemy, the fly. The flies that trouble us so in summer would swarm about in greater numbers, a menace to our health, if it were not for the diligent persistence of Mr. Spider behind his trapdoor.

The Best Book

IF I should read a million books, I would not be as wise, As if I studied trees and books Out underneath the skies.

For there is where the pigeons build, And where they try their wings, And where the good brown earth is tilled, And where the robin sings.

And where the silk-worm weaves and spins, And where the blossoms blow, And where the rivulet begins, And where the berries grow.

A million books will do no harm, But think of nature's stores, Of birds and bees and endless charm— Hurrah! For out of doors!

A MORNING STROLL

HOW do you do—yes indeed, I shall be pleased to have you walk with me," said little Edith, pretending to be a "grown-up" lady as she met Alice at the edge of the park. "I am just taking Elfrida out for an airing. Poor thing, she was so sick last night—an awful attack of spiral meningitis. But she's better now."

"My little girl, Edith, was sick too last night," answered Alice, affectionately, patting the doll she carried in her arms. "She had—I'm not sure, but I think it was appendicitis. I put a lot of hot cloths on her and, would you believe it, my dear, it wasn't long before that horrid old appendix of hers came winking right out the end of her toe! Goodness me, aren't children a bother, sometimes! But they are such a comfort too!"

"Here, Rover, you behave yourself!" Edith called out to her pretty little fox terrier that had been trotting along beside them as they walked. "He is such an ill-bred doggie, sometimes, Al—I mean, my dear, Elfrida sits in her carriage as good as can be, as you can see for yourself. But that bad Rover every now and then tries to jump up in the carriage—he's just that lazy, my dear! And he frightens poor Elfrida so that I'm afraid her heart will go back on her. There—there—that's a good dog, Rover. Now don't you dare run off and leave me!"

"Yes, we all have our troubles, my dear," said Alice, sighing audibly, "but what can you expect when you have children and dogs to look after? Isn't this a lovely morning, and such a nice one for a walk through the park? I was so sorry, my dear, that I couldn't come over to play—I mean to call upon you yesterday afternoon. But my Mamma wouldn't let—I mean my Mamma asked me as a special favor to stay with her. So, of course, I couldn't come. I do hope you understand and you mustn't think I didn't want to come—you won't, will you?"

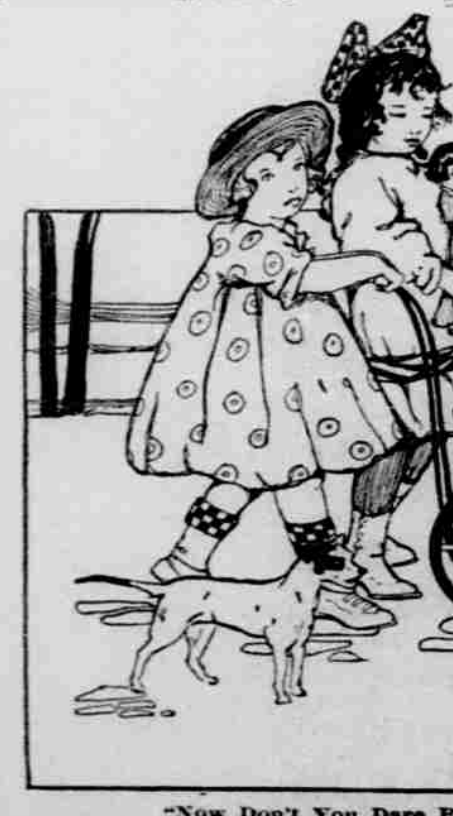


Solution to Garden Puzzle.

"Indeed no," answered Edith, smiling and trying to speak in that cold, polite tone she had so often heard her mother use. "Only I was really disappointed. Tommy Jones and his sister Ruth—I mean two really delightful friends of mine were there and I was so anxious for you to meet them, my dear. I am afraid I must hurry back home now, if you don't mind, one of the twins is sick. I was afraid to take him out with me, though he does need the air terribly. And—"

"Alice, you Alice!" a loud, strident voice broke in upon them from the other side of a big bush along the walk. "You come here! Didn't I tell you not to go away! You come here right away, or I'll take you home and tell your Mamma on you!"

"Oh, bother! That's Nurse calling—she won't let me do anything I want to! You just wait until I get big enough not to have a Nurse! Yes, Nurse, yes I'm coming right away. G'bye, Edith—I mean my dear—so glad to have seen—yes, Nurse, I told you I am coming, didn't I?"



"Now Don't You Dare Run Off And Leave Me."

A Juvenile Juggler

BOB had been to the circus. And he was much impressed with the wonderful feats performed by the Japanese jugglers, especially when they lay on their backs and balanced and spun small, brightly painted barrels on their feet.

End over end and round and round the barrels whirled on the soles of their feet. With marvelous dexterity they tossed them to each other, back and forth, catching them on their feet better than you or I could have done with our hands.

So, the next afternoon, Bob decided that he would play Japanese juggler. He found an old barrel behind the woodshed and, carrying it down to a secluded part of the garden, he looked carefully around to see that no one was watching. He had visions of himself making that old barrel spin around in a way that would have made even the Japanese jugglers themselves envy him.

He lay down on his back, raised his feet high up in the air and picked up the barrel to place it on the soles of his feet, just as the jugglers in the circus had done. But, somehow, it wouldn't stay there—not even for a moment! It rolled right off!

Then he remembered that they gave the barrel a certain rotary motion, first with one foot, then with the other. So, confident that he had the secret of the trick, Bob balanced the barrel on his feet and then kicked downward and backward with one foot.

"Bang!" Down came the barrel—almost on his face. In fact, it just did graze his head! He tried it several times and was finally rewarded with a nice, fat, aching bump on his forehead where the barrel struck him as it fell.

He remembered just then that the Japanese jugglers had placed a barrel



He Climbed Up On The Barrel.

on its side on the ground, stood on it and then walked, making the barrel spin round and round under them with amazing rapidity. Ah! He would try that! He knew he could do it, too!

So, balancing himself carefully, he climbed up on the barrel. Then, boldly and strongly, he stepped out. The barrel spun all right! Indeed yes! In fact, it revolved too much. Like a flash it whirled out from under him and Bob sat down on the ground so hard that he felt certain he must have gone clear through to China. And he saw about a million stars!

Which was quite enough for Bob, at least for that day. But he considered himself with the thought that if he had been born a Japanese he could have done the tricks. He didn't realize that those same Japanese who had performed so wonderfully in the circus had practiced days and days and months and months before they were able to do so.

Nothing, you know, that is difficult to do in this world can be done off hand; you must work hard to accomplish it.